one day the flower of love blossomed within me (its roots led back to you)

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by tyunderclouds (soupbeanluvr)

Summary

"Soobin," Beomgyu says sharply, forgoing honorifics and without a trace of playfulness in his voice. "What's going on?"

He spins around, preparing for Beomgyu's wrath. "I didn't mean to," Soobin says urgently, "the plant— a flower bloomed suddenly, and I just *had* to— to put in in my mouth."

"Oh, you *had* to," Beomgyu parrots back. He shifts his weight to the other foot and tilts his head as he stares at Soobin, gaze hard. "Really."

"Really!" Soobin's voice gets a little bit high-pitched at the end of the word. "I'll fix it, I promise."

"Oh, no, you don't have to do that." A smirk is slowly spreading across Beomgyu's face, and Soobin recognizes the triumph in his expression.

Soobin sighs in relief, but his muscles tense when Beomgyu starts to cackle, and he looks up to see Beomgyu grinning wickedly.

Purchasing a houseplant does not typically lead to confusion, chaos, and horniness, but of course, when Beomgyu buys one, this is exactly what happens– and Soobin and Yeonjun have to (read: get to) go along with his shenanigans.

Notes

This is complete fiction, and implies nothing about the people whose names are utilized. If you got here by googling yourself or because a fan linked you, you should click the back button.

Here's my humble contribution to the topgyu literary canon!

See the end of the work for more notes

The day Beomgyu comes home with the plant is a fairly uneventful one, as far as days go. Soobin doesn't even bother to ask about the pot cradled in Beomgyu's arms, because he can't imagine any problems besides some spilled dirt. Or possibly the plant dying.

Either way, it doesn't linger in Soobin's thoughts that day, or in the coming days. Soobin sees the plant, acknowledges its existence, and clears it from his mind, to focus on more pressing concerns. This is mistake number one.

Mistake number two isn't even his mistake- nor is it a mistake at all. Soobin knows the Ear Candy cover is going to happen at Moacon; he's watched them practice and prepare for it. Somehow, he is still caught off guard.

A smile grows on his face as he watches Beomgyu and Yeonjun dance together; his eyes are drawn to Beomgyu's intense expressions and confident movements, and Yeonjun's dancing is… intriguing. Soobin's jaw drops when Beomgyu's palm lands on Yeonjun's hip and they move closer to one another and he quickly disguises it by mouthing along to the lyrics. He has to fight to stop himself from staring at Beomgyu's grip on Yeonjun's waist. Saliva fills his mouth to see them dancing like this, and he has to swallow quickly so he doesn't drool.

To avoid actually getting hard, Soobin bobs his head and cheers them on and dances along to the music while sitting in his chair and pointedly does not gaze longingly at Yeonjun and Beomgyu. The rest of Moacon is spent stubbornly refusing to think about it.

When they get back to the dorm, Soobin trudges through the door and immediately droops, his limbs suddenly tugging him down. He'd been euphoric the whole way back but suddenly all his energy has gone out of him. As he shuffles across the floor, dragging his feet, the vague outlines of Beomgyu and Yeonjun pop into his head again and arousal surges in his belly. A sudden flash in the corner of his eye makes him worry that he's going to faint, but when he turns his head, he only sees Beomgyu's houseplant.

How odd. There's nothing there, except— he freezes in place. Something glimmers at the center of a cluster of leaves, before the plant seemingly shivers and a thin yellow flower miraculously emerges.

Soobin immediately whips around, his heart pounding in his ears. His mouth has gone dry and fuzzy, and his vision spots at the edges. Something is wrong.

A whisper of a sigh echoes through the room, and Soobin feels it moving over him more than he hears it. His eyes dart back to the houseplant, now still and quiet as it sits innocently in its pot. Skin prickling and hands out in caution, he tiptoes towards the cheery-looking plant, which hasn't moved.

Against his own instincts, Soobin finds himself reaching out to brush his finger against it, and before he can stop himself, he plucks it off and pulls it towards his lips. As his lips close around the flower, he is vaguely aware that he is sucking on it strangely, in a way that might look obscene were he sucking on something else, but he is unable to stop himself when the faintly sweet nectar hits his tongue and spreads across it. When the flavor is gone, Soobin withdraws it from his mouth and feels his cheeks heat when his mind returns and he sees the string of spit stretching between the flower and his lower lip.

His knees nearly give out when he hears Beomgyu's voice behind him.

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"You can make it up to me," Beomgyu begins, stalking closer, "by kissing me."

"What?" Soobin gapes at him. "What?" he repeats, when Beomgyu doesn't say anything.

"You heard me." Beomgyu stops in front of him and looks up at Soobin, a challenging glint in his eyes. "Kiss me. I know you want to."

Soobin makes the mistake of letting his eyes drift down to Beomgyu's lips, and he watches as they spread into a smile that shows all of his teeth.

"I knew it," Beomgyu says, eyes flashing as if he knows Soobin wants to kiss the smug smirk off of his lips. His hands come up to Soobin's shoulders, and he steers Soobin towards the couch. Soobin is strong enough that he could stop Beomgyu if he wanted to, and he suspects that Beomgyu knows this because he's still staring at Beomgyu's lips, and they curl up when Beomgyu is met with zero resistance from Soobin.

When the backs of his knees hit the couch, Beomgyu pushes on Soobin's shoulders and forces him to sit down before climbing on to his lap. Feeling unprepared, having expected to give Beomgyu a simple kiss and be done with it, Soobin can only watch helplessly and try to keep his breathing even as Beomgyu shifts on his lap before he settles, straddling Soobin's hips. With his knees bracketing Soobin's hips and his hands coming up to cradle Soobin's face as he looks down at Soobin tenderly, Beomgyu has him trapped.

(Beomgyu doesn't know it, but he holds Soobin's heart in the palm of his hand, too.)

Soobin melts into the couch cushions as Beomgyu leans down to kiss him softly. It's chaste at first before Beomgyu coaxes Soobin's mouth open with his tongue, and Soobin's eyelids fall as his guard lowers further, and he lets Beomgyu kiss him. Soobin's hands drift upwards to rest gently on Beomgyu's narrow hips, and as soon as his thumbs graze the sliver of skin in between Beomgyu's pants and shirt, he feels Beomgyu sigh against his lips before Beomgyu grinds down onto his cock, which is starting to fill out.

With a cut-off whine, Soobin rocks back up against Beomgyu's ass, desperate for more friction. He lets out a soft whimper when he feels Beomgyu's fingers curling into his hair and tugging, and his hips jump up helplessly. Beomgyu pulls back to look at him, smirking.

"You just can't stop yourself, can you?" Beomgyu's voice is somehow both honey-sweet and mocking.

Soobin inhales sharply, and his dick twitches. Beomgyu's answering laugh is a little bit mean, and Soobin can't help but let out an

embarrassed moan.

"Please," he whines out, trying to get Beomgyu to start moving again. "Beomgyu-yah."

"Please what?" Beomgyu taunts. "Use your words, hyung." He leans back, denying Soobin the pressure he craves.

"Wanna come." Soobin rounds his eyes at Beomgyu, trying to convey his need. "Please?"

"Oh?" Tilting his head, Beomgyu pretends to think for a moment.

"Please," Soobin begs again. "I'll fuck you so good—"

He watches Beomgyu's eyebrows shoot up. Silence stretches between them for so long that Soobin starts to squirm slightly, trying to get even the tiniest bit of pressure on his dick.

"We'll see," Beomgyu says finally. "If you're good."

Nodding eagerly, Soobin says, "I'll be good. Promise. Just— please?" He tries to tug Beomgyu back towards him, but Beomgyu stays stubbornly put.

"*I* make the rules," Beomgyu tells him. He waits for a few moments, stroking Soobin's cheek oh-so gently, before his hand drops to Soobin's sweatpants, lightly brushing over the outline of Soobin's dick. Trembling under the faint touch, Soobin struggles not to thrust upwards.

"Good boy," Beomgyu praises, lips turning up in a soft smile when Soobin's lips part in a silent moan. As a reward, he starts to grind on Soobin's cock again, torturously slow but still enough to build him up, little by little.

Soobin's vision begins to blur. He thinks he's started to pant, he's no longer really kissing Beomgyu back, and he might be drooling. All he can think is *want to come*, and *need to be good* as he frantically chases his orgasm. He's letting out a continuous stream of whimpers and moans and he's *so close*, just needs to—

He lets out a cry at the sudden absence of friction just as he's about to come. It's almost as if Beomgyu knows his tells and stopped right before he came *on purpose*.

"Why'd you stop?" Soobin whines, hips rising to meet nothing but air. "Beomgyu-yah, please—"

"That's your punishment," Beomgyu says calmly. Soobin whimpers quietly as his orgasm slips away from him like water through outstretched fingers.

Tears that had gathered in Soobin's eyes are now rolling down his cheeks, and he sniffles, not even trying to wipe them away.

"Oh, hyung," Beomgyu says sympathetically, kissing the tears off of Soobin's cheeks. "I'm sorry. Just try to sleep, okay?"

"Okay." Soobin pouts and makes puppy-eyes at Beomgyu again— one last plea— but when Beomgyu shakes his head at him and slides off of his lap, offering him a hand, Soobin sighs and takes it to pull himself up. Knees still wobbly, he makes his way over to his room.

As soon as Soobin disappears, Beomgyu takes out his phone and texts Yeonjun to let him know to come upstairs.

A tap at the door alerts Beomgyu to Yeonjun's arrival. He slips his phone out of his pocket again and texts Yeonjun to tell him to let himself in.

The door beeps, and Yeonjun slowly comes into view. Beomgyu will never stop being amazed by Yeonjun's beauty, but he takes a moment now to admire Yeonjun's soft, unguarded appearance. His hair is sticking up a little bit in some places, and lying flat in others.

"How's it going?" Yeonjun asks him, steadying himself against the door as he kicks off his slippers before he moves over to Beomgyu to give him a quick kiss.

"Operation Fuck Soobin is going great."

"We are *not* calling it that," says Yeonjun. "Come on. Beomgyu-yah, that's just way too obvious."

"I'm not saying it in front of him, hyung," Beomgyu argues, "so it doesn't matter if it's obvious."

Taking Yeonjun's wrist, Beomgyu leads him back to his bedroom and guides him to sit down on the bed before launching himself onto the duvet next to him.

"He drank the nectar," reports Beomgyu, "and he's all worked up now. I told him to go to sleep after I almost let him come. He probably isn't going to sleep."

"Beomgyu-yah." Yeonjun's voice is a mix of reproachfulness and admiration.

"Yup," Beomgyu says proudly, leaning his head against Yeonjun's firm shoulder. "Oh! Is it okay if I leave the door open? I bet if he hears he'll come over to watch."

"Isn't this moving a bit fast?" One of Yeonjun's thumbs strokes at the stripe of skin exposed where Beomgyu's shirt rides up, the same place Soobin touched earlier, although Yeonjun is far more at ease.

"It's fine," Beomgyu dismisses. "You have to pretend he's not there, though. I want to catch him in the act. Soobin-hyung's such a pervert, though. He'd probably like that."

"What about me, though? Your other hyung?" Yeonjun pouts at him.

"You'd probably like that too, wouldn't you?" teases Beomgyu. "Hyung would totally get off on it."

"Yeah," Yeonjun breathes out, perhaps unaware of the way Beomgyu is watching him with a smirk. He sits up abruptly and tiptoes over to the door to open it, leaving it slightly ajar. Just enough for the sound to carry.

"You just want everyone to hear, don't you," Beomgyu says, smiling with all of his teeth. "And you wanted MOA to see, earlier. You liked that we danced like that."

Reveling in watching Yeonjun's cheeks rise as he gets embarrassed, Beomgyu waits for an answer and tilts his head. "Nothing to say to that? C'mere, hyung. In my lap this time."

Beomgyu taps at Yeonjun's waist to urge him forward, again lightly skimming over that same patch of bare skin just to see him shiver.

Wasting no time, Yeonjun swings one long, long leg over Beomgyu's lean hips and pushes at Beomgyu's shoulders until he lies back. In two quick motions, he's on top of Beomgyu and smiling down at him like the cat who got the cream.

Beomgyu is still for a few moments, before he tugs Yeonjun down to

his level, lifting up slightly to meet him. They kiss lazily for a few minutes before Yeonjun guides one of Beomgyu's hands to his ass, smiling against Beomgyu's lips when Beomgyu's fingers immediately curl possessively over the slight curve of it.

Breathing heavily, Yeonjun pulls away and gives Beomgyu a low-lidded look. "C'mon, fuck me," he says unhesitatingly, circling his hips over the outline of Beomgyu's dick for emphasis. His pouty lips form an amused grin when Beomgyu groans.

"*God*, you're so—" Beomgyu hisses slightly when Yeonjun grinds down again—"okay, off, hyung. Clothes off."

With a playfully coy look in Beomgyu's direction (what a tease, Beomgyu thinks), Yeonjun unbuttons his shirt and slowly starts to to slide it down his shoulders. He giggles when Beomgyu takes over and removes it far faster, and laughs harder when Beomgyu scrambles to shed his own clothing.

"In a hurry?" Yeonjun teases, before he peels back the covers and sets himself and his long, graceful limbs over the covers.

"Early day tomorrow," Beomgyu says, "and I haven't heard footsteps. I don't think it's worked yet."

Yeonjun just smiles at him for a few moments, like the words aren't registering, before his eyes widen slightly before he nods. As if to stretch his leg, he wraps his hands under one knee and pulls it upwards towards his chest.

Beomgyu's eyes zero in on Yeonjun's hole— which is already glistening, he realizes, with lube. Air rushes into his lungs as he takes in a shallow breath.

"Were you thinking about me?" Beomgyu's voice is gravelly and rough. "Hyung?"

He reaches out and touches Yeonjun's bare calf, noting the way his leg twitches and the way his breathing quickens when Beomgyu's fingers travel up the length of his leg.

Yeonjun's abs tense when Beomgyu's fingers near his hole, and then release in a soft moan as Beomgyu skips over it to get a hand on his cock, which is red and probably aching by now.

"Ye-es," Yeonjun sighs, "Beomgyu-yah, *more*."

As soon as he hears the demand, Beomgyu withdraws his hand and goes for a nipple. Instead of the expected yelp, Yeonjun lets out a breathy gasp when Beomgyu tweaks it.

"*Oh*, that's—"

"Oh, you liked that, didn't you, hyung?" Beomgyu murmurs, before moving back down to Yeonjun's twitching hole to touch it lightly, smirking when Yeonjun's entire body shudders as he bites back a groan. "You can be louder, you know."

Beomgyu leans over him and grips both of their cocks in one hand, using his thumb gather precome to ease the slide. The relieved moan Yeonjun lets out is obscene— almost pornographic. It probably isn't intentional that time, but Beomgyu's ears register a sliding shuffle, alerting him to Soobin's presence. He doesn't turn around and instead taps at Yeonjun's hole, waiting for Yeonjun to beg before sliding a finger in.

Clamping a hand over his mouth, Soobin shoves a hand down his boxers, eyes fixed on Beomgyu's fingers as they pump in and out of Yeonjun. He has to tense his entire body to keep quiet when Yeonjun lets out a loud moan. Giving no thought to the morality of it, Soobin wraps a hand around his aching cock, letting out the tiniest of whimpers from his noise at the relief.

His gaze is glued to Beomgyu's fingers, and he startles when he hears a click and a wet sound as Beomgyu spreads lube over his dick, which is — sizeable. Soobin's mouth fills with saliva at the sight of it, although he isn't sure why.

If Soobin had the presence of mind, he would be relieved that Yeonjun's choked gasp and Beomgyu's deep groan are loud enough to cover up his own keening whine when Beomgyu lines himself up and presses in.

Beomgyu leans down to whisper something into Yeonjun's ear, and if the way Yeonjun's cock twitches in response is any indication, Beomgyu's words have an effect on him. Despite not being able to hear it, Soobin still finds himself tightening his grip over his cock.

Slick sounds fill the air, both from Beomgyu and Yeonjun and from Soobin's hand moving over his dick, muffled only by the fact that he hasn't even pulled down his boxers.

Beomgyu's narrow frame mostly obscures Yeonjun's body, but Soobin still catches flashes of Yeonjun, and those glimpses are tantalizing. The expert motion of Beomgyu's hips and the way he's able to jerk Yeonjun off in time with his thrusts suggest he's had a lot of practice, and Yeonjun's moans affirm this suggestion. Soobin puts this thought aside and ignores the implications.

Beomgyu's thrusts speed up, Yeonjun's body moving with the force of it, and in response, Soobin's hand quicken over his dick. He's barely covering up his moans by this point, only thinking about his orgasm.

Yeonjun cries out and shakes as he comes, and he trembles even afterwards as Beomgyu fucks him through the aftershocks of it to reach his own orgasm. The two of them pant for several moments, only having eyes for each other, and Soobin frantically fucks his fist. He's almost there, he's—

"Soobin-hyung," Beomgyu sing-songs, "I know you're out there."

Soobin freezes, and his hand stops. For the second time that night, he feels as though he might cry as his orgasm fades. He stays silent and hopes Beomgyu will simply forget about it. Alas, no luck— Beomgyu turns around, still breathing heavily, and makes eye contact with Soobin.

"Soobin-hyung, you *pervert*," Beomgyu says, showing his teeth in a smile.

"What?" Soobin says breathlessly. Beomgyu has caught him with his hands literally down his pants, and Soobin watches as Beomgyu's eyes trail down to where Soobin's hand is still on his cock, which is — miraculously— still hard.

"Did you not hear?" Beomgyu asks, mocking. "I know you were watching us the whole time."

"I—" Cutting himself off, Soobin nods and looks away.

"No, look at me," commands Beomgyu. "I want you to admit it. Tell me you were watching."

"I was watching you," Soobin starts to say, almost too quiet for his own ears.

"What was that?" Beomgyu's dark eyes, normally so round and soft-looking, have a different quality to them.

"I was watching you and hyung," he blurts out.

"Good boy," Beomgyu says sweetly, moving closer to give Soobin head pats. His eyes dart down to Soobin's crotch where his dick, humiliatingly, twitches and gives his arousal away. "Oh, hyung, you *liked* that, didn't you?"

"Uh-huh."

"Take your hand out of your pants, now, Soobin-hyung," Beomgyu tells him, "and you'll get a reward."

"Reward," Soobin repeats, tongue heavy in his mouth. His hand doesn't move.

Yeonjun appears next to him, having recovered a little bit, and coos at him. "Our sweet little Soobinnie," he says affectionately, directly into his ear. He strokes Soobin's hair softly, and kisses his cheek when Soobin sags and leans into the touch.

Beomgyu moves towards Soobin, who perks up a little bit before drooping as Beomgyu passes him.

"Beomgyu-yah," he says slowly. A hand on his wrist guides his hand out of his pants and adjusts his crotch. Soobin's eyes land on the hand and follow the arm attached to it up to Yeonjun's flushed, sweaty face.

Eyes gleaming when he reappears, Beomgyu holds out his hand. Cupped in his palm is another honeysuckle.

"For me?" Soobin asks, and opens his mouth to accept it when Beomgyu pinches it by the stem and feeds it to him. Even when the little flower is dry of nectar, his tongue swipes over Beomgyu's fingers.

Beomgyu puts a warm hand at the back of Soobin's neck and squeezes, light pressure to ground him.

"Bed now, Soobin-hyung," he says gently. "Tomorrow we'll talk."

Sleepy but vaguely conscious of his cock, still hard but being ignored, Soobin allowed himself to be guided to his own bed. Through a haze, he hears low voices outside of his door, and the click of the front door as it closes, and then he drifts off.

The next morning has an early start. There isn't much time to do anything except get ready and head to the company building. Soobin

goes through the motions, keeping the previous night in his mind.

Everything is mostly normal, except whenever Yeonjun or Beomgyu is near him and brush against him, no matter how light the touch is, it sends a jolt through his body. During one of the breaks Yeonjun corners him in a practice room, when everyone's out, and skims his fingers over Soobin's elbow, grinning when Soobin shudders, takes the opportunity to steady him by putting his hands on Soobin's hips— which honestly makes it even worse.

"Hyung," he hisses, keeping one eye on the door in case someone opens it. Yeonjun isn't touching him in an unusual way, but he's strangely sensitive today, and he wearing sweatpants. If he isn't careful, he might have an awkward situation. It would also be pretty bad if he accidentally moaned out loud.

Yeonjun gives him an innocent look and withdraws his hands. "What?"

Soobin narrows his eyes at him and presses his lips together but doesn't say anything. After all, Yeonjun hasn't actually done anything except touch him lightly, like he typically does. The one reacting differently is Soobin, and Yeonjun is merely being his normal, physically affectionate self.

It's not really reasonable to complain about it (especially since it feels so good, although it's kind of unprofessional, in his very professional opinion) but Soobin casts suspicious looks at both Yeonjun and Beomgyu every time they casually touch him. He's met with the same expression from both of them— one that says, *What? I'm not doing anything*.

The maknaes mostly don't notice. Well, half of them don't notice. Taehyun gives Soobin several meaningful looks but doesn't say anything. Taehyun is (annoyingly, sometimes) perceptive. Actually, Kai tends not to point out things like this, even when he notices them.

Whatever. Soobin isn't going to make a big deal about it. Resolving to put it out of his mind, he continues with his day.

When they get back to the dorm, Beomgyu asks him what he wants to eat, which is… unusual. Perhaps even suspicious. But then, nothing comes of it— Beomgyu orders takeout and sits down with him at their table. Soobin notes that Beomgyu takes the seat further away from the honeysuckle plant, and then motions for him to sit on the other side.

Wordlessly, Beomgyu reaches out and with one hand— his right hand, Soobin realizes, wondering how he's going to eat— and wiggles his fingers until Soobin puts his left hand in Beomgyu's right hand. They hold hands as they eat, and it's a strange feeling. Beomgyu is an incredibly slow eater already, with his limited appetite but with his left hand, he can barely pick anything up and drops half of it at least once before making it to his mouth.

As they eat, Beomgyu squeezes his hand as if to reassure him, and Soobin finds himself relaxing. His legs spread out and he slides down in his chair, sitting loosely and comfortable. This is another mistake, because as soon as he's finished, he realizes with a start that the hand he was eating with is stuck. He looks down and sees a curl of green around his wrist.

"What?" Soobin says blankly. He tries to tug his hand out of Beomgyu's grip, but his other hand is trapped, too. Beomgyu's eyes dart to the side, and Soobin follows his gaze to where a vine extends from the plant. Soobin's mouth drops open. "Beomgyu-yah. What's going on?"

"Is this okay?" Beomgyu asks, rubbing soothing circles into Soobin's palm.

Soobin stares at him in shock. "You're- what? You can control it? *How*?"

Waving a hand dismissively, Beomgyu shakes his head. "I'll tell you later. Just tell me if it's okay."

Still in disbelief, Soobin tests the strength of the vines. They hold fast.

"Is it okay?" Beomgyu repeats.

Soobin nods, and then says, "yes," out loud, feeling a little silly.

"Okay, hands behind your back, now," Beomgyu directs.

Soobin opens his mouth to protest that he can't, actually, because his hands are tied, but the vines move his hands for him. They tug him gently but firmly, leaving his front completely exposed. He lets out a helpless whimper when Beomgyu apparently makes them tighten around his wrists.

As he's sitting in anticipation, Beomgyu pushes himself up from out of the chair and moves in two quick bounds until he's right up in front of Soobin. Like this, standing up while Soobin is seated, he towers over

Soobin. But instead of doing anything, Beomgyu stands still. His hand slips into his pocket and emerges holding his phone.

Soobin can only stare in silence as Beomgyu taps at his phone with an air of importance, teeth sinking on his lower lip. Beomgyu's long eyelashes brush against his cheeks as he blinks at the screen and waits.

Nothing seems to have happened when Beomgyu's eyes flick up to Soobin's, but he says, "okay, Yeonjun-hyung's coming up. Still okay?"

"Yeonjun-hyung?" Soobin repeats, taking a moment to take in the feel of the syllables of Yeonjun's name in his mouth. "Okay."

Beomgyu's eyebrows shoot up but he doesn't say anything, just moves closer and leans over Soobin's body, petting at Soobin's hair.

They both start at the beep of the door, but Soobin's stomach tightens ever-so-slightly when Yeonjun's face, bathed in a mix of light and shadow under the shitty lights of their dorm, slowly comes into view, one sliver at a time. Yeonjun is barefaced and his hair is messy, and his face is open in a way it never is at work. His heart shows through his expressions when he's like this.

Yeonjun's pouty lips curve into a soft smile when his eyes find Soobin's, and he crosses the room in long-legged strides. Soobin looks up at him and sees his own round, shining eyes reflected back at him in Yeonjun's.

Heat burns over Soobin's face and neck as Yeonjun's gaze drifts over his body, from his tied hands to his spread legs to his crotch, where his cock is already starting to tent his pants. Soobin startles when he feels a hand on his jaw— Beomgyu's hand, guiding his face to angle it better so Yeonjun can kiss him. The feel of Yeonjun's lips on his own combined with the manhandling are enough to make him moan weakly. Beomgyu's laughter doesn't do anything to calm him down, only working him up more.

His eyes fall closed, and his guard drops, which means he's unprepared for Yeonjun's lips leaving his followed by light pressure over his dick. Vines snake up and over his thighs, stopping his hips from flexing upwards desperately. The rustle of fabric and the sound of denim sliding over wood floor makes Soobin stiffen up, and his vision returns just long enough to see Yeonjun on his knees in front of him, lips dangerously close to the wet patch where Soobin's straining cock has leaked through his boxers and sweatpants, only to swim and

blur when Yeonjun's pink tongue darts out, stopping just short.

If he were unrestrained, Soobin would have been unable to keep himself still.

A cold sensation at Soobin's waist draws his attention for a moment, and his gaze drops to where Beomgyu's icy fingers are tugging at the waistband of his pants. He lifts up as much as he can off of the chair to allow Beomgyu to get him out of his pants. Soobin shivers at the exposure, and then whines softly when he feels Yeonjun's warm breath over his hard cock.

He's too far gone to notice until it's too late the saliva collecting in his mouth, and has no time to react as it falls from his mouth and lands on his abs. A cooing sound from Beomgyu makes humiliation sear his cheeks.

"Our Soobinnie can't help it," Beomgyu says softly, petting over his tense thighs, before instructing Yeonjun, "go on."

Soobin lets out a wet gasp when he finally feels Yeonjun's tongue at the head of his cock, and hiccups over another louder moan when his cock is engulfed in Yeonjun's hot, wet mouth. In the absence of the vines, he would surely be thrusting up into the wetness, but like this, he's at the mercy of Yeonjun.

A flash of skin in the corner of his eye alerts him to the fact that Beomgyu is pushing down gently on the back of Yeonjun's head, urging him to take Soobin's dick deeper and, before the same hand darts up to Soobin's lip.

Soobin is vaguely conscious of following Beomgyu's index finger with his tongue, trying to take it into his mouth. Beomgyu laughs at him and takes it away from him cruelly.

"Hyung," he cries when Yeonjun hollows his cheeks and sucks harder. Someone pinches and twists his nipple, and he chokes on a moan."Oh, *hyung*."

"Not your hyung," Beomgyu says, flicking over the other nipple teasingly and smirking again (has that smirk left his face even once?) when Soobin whines softly. His fingers leave Soobin's chest as he lowers himself to his knees and taps Yeonjun's shoulder.

Giving Soobin's cock one last teasing lick, Yeonjun lifts off of it and turns to Beomgyu, waiting. Beomgyu lowers his mouth to Soobin's

dick and pulls Yeonjun with him, positioning his head on the other side. Soobin moans softly at the sight of it (who wouldn't, really) and then startles at the feel of something brushing over the base of his cock.

"Wha-?" he says, licking his lips to stop the drool from running down his chin. "Wait— *oh*—"

"Just be patient," purrs Beomgyu, "it'll feel good, I promise."

A vine is creeping down past his cock, teasing at his perineum. His thighs tremble slightly. The tendril rubs lightly at his rim, and his mouth falls open in a gasp. It's an unfamiliar feeling, but it isn't a bad feeling, and it's eased by the fact that Beomgyu is very enthusiastic when it comes to giving head. He's exactly like a puppy— messy and eager— but with a penchant for teasing.

Soobin wants to come so, so badly and he hasn't come in *days*, and there's a vine teasing his hole, and—

"Please, need to *come*," he sobs, as tears slip down his face and run into his mouth. "Beomgyu-yah!"

Beomgyu pulls off of his cock, and his lips are swollen and red and pouting as he says, "have some patience, hyung," and then he flicks his wrist. That's the only warning Soobin gets before the vine slips into his hole, slick with some strange secretion from the plant.

"*Oh*, that's—" Soobin quivers as the vine hits something deep inside of him. His mouth hangs open as he pants, "what—?"

"You like that?" Beomgyu bats his eyelashes coquettishly up at Soobin.

"Yes, of course I—oh, *hyung*," Soobin gasps, eyes fixed on Yeonjun's plump lips. His vision blurs again when the vine in his hole starts to grow thicker, exploring deeper and rubbing up against his prostate insistently. Sniffling, he realizes that he's crying again, tears sliding down his hot cheeks and gathering on his lips. Salt meets his tongue as it darts out to taste it.

"No, no, no," he whines, as Yeonjun sits back, and the vine slowly begins to retreat, leaving him horribly empty and cold. Beomgyu and Yeonjun are smudgy with tears. He starts to shiver when he feels a sliding sensation across his wrists and thighs and ankles; the tendrils of honeysuckle contracting and leaving, and shudders harder when a warm hand slips under his thighs and back.

Beomgyu's lifting him up so, so gently, kissing the tears off of his face and lips. Everything is blurry but Soobin senses that he's moving, and then the fuzz of sheets registers under his fingers. His hips are propped up slightly with a pillow under his lower back.

"Hi, baby." Yeonjun's voice is slightly hoarse in his ear.

Soobin turns his head to see Yeonjun's dark eyes next to his face, turned up at the corners with a smile.

"How's my Soobinnie?" he whispers, fingers playing with one of Soobin's ear lobes.

Squirming closer, Soobin sighs softly and presses his face into Yeonjun's bare shoulder, breathing in the scent of Yeonjun. He lets out another breathy almost-moan when he feels Beomgyu's hands massaging his thighs and calves.

When Beomgyu lifts his legs upwards and over his head, Soobin lets him. He squints with blurry eyes and thinks Beomgyu's quickly undressing. There's a click, and a tap on his thigh.

"Soobin-hyung," Beomgyu says, voice serious and without an ounce of flirtatiousness, "can I fuck you?"

Soobin nods eagerly, so fast that his head spins a little. "Please," he begs, spreading his legs a little bit. He's far past the point of shame by now, all he can think is *cock, inside, now*.

The outline of Beomgyu is still fuzzy but Soobin thinks he sees his lips turning up in a smile, and then there's hot pressure at his hole. Soobin squeaks through a whimper, and steals Yeonjun's wrist for himself so he can squeeze it as Beomgyu slowly thrusts into him.

He vaguely recalls that he asked to fuck Beomgyu earlier, but it's not important now. He's focused only on the slow drag of Beomgyu's cock inside of him.

Soobin sobs softly when Beomgyu grinds upwards and hits his prostate. Although Soobin can't see his face, Beomgyu is probably looking all smug and triumphant, and *fuck* just the thought of it—

All at once, Beomgyu's lips are on Soobin's, and a hand is on Soobin's dick, and he's groaning in Soobin's ear. He has to fold Soobin practically in half to be able to reach his head, and the angle change puts Beomgyu's cock even deeper.

Soobin lets out a keening whine, and trembles through possibly the most intense orgasm of his life. He has only a few moments of awareness to see Beomgyu's eyebrows pinched together and feel the press of Beomgyu's hips one last time as he comes.

All he can sense for he's-not-sure-how-long is Yeonjun's wrist, clutched tightly in his hands, grounding him. He's floating, comfortable in another reality where he doesn't need to worry about anything.

When he returns to his own body, Beomgyu's stroking his hair and cuddling him, and Yeonjun has given up his wrist to Soobin.

"Love you," someone says, and Soobin doesn't know who it is or who it's for, but he knows love runs through all of them like a river— ever-changing yet constant.

"Beomgyu-yah," Soobin says, "where did you say you got the plant, again?"

"Oh, you know," says Beomgyu.

"I don't, actually."

Beomgyu avoids Soobin's eyes and purses his lips. Eventually, he says, "a fairy."

"What? There's no way that's true."

"It was a fairy," Beomgyu insists stubbornly. "A fairy gave it to me and said I could use it." He gives Yeonjun a pleading look. "You believe me, right, hyung?"

Yeonjun looks between Soobin and Beomgyu. "I mean, why not?"

"You're kidding," says Soobin, annoyed. "This is why you're always getting scammed, hyung."

"I haven't gotten scammed that many times," Yeonjun protests.

Soobin shakes his head disbelievingly. This hyung, he thinks.

"How else could I control it?" Beomgyu challenges. "Soobin-hyung, watch."

The plant shivers and a vine extends to poke the mole on Soobin's cheek, next to his nose.

"Fine," Soobin grumbles. When the tendril grazes the sensitive shell of his ear, he shudders away from it. "Not now!"

"You like it," says Beomgyu. "You know you do."

"He's got you there," says Yeonjun, giving Soobin's butt an affectionate pinch.

End Notes

Things that are new about this fic: I'm finally leaving my yuri roots behind (there was a point in time when 4/5 of my works were F/F) AND I unfortunately had to abandon the "using txt lyrics as fic titles" thing I had going on. I will never let go of _____ (_____) format though.

If you liked it, consider leaving a comment below to tell me what you thought (concrit welcome)! Don't be shy, I promise I don't bite!

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